Oh Wait, This Isn't A Dream

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1239952.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Humour, Sleepwalking, Drunkenness, This is like an antidote to all the angst –short and cute and fluffy
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-02-26 Completed: 2014-03-05 Words: 4,150 Chapters: 3/3

Oh Wait, This Isn't A Dream

by HyphenL

Summary

- FANTASY: Will often harmlessly fantasised about cuddling with his therapist, until one day he wakes up doing just that to a very puzzled Hannibal. Contains the infamous sentence: “Maybe he wanted a touch of Hannibal in his cinnamon.”
- INTOXICATION: Hannibal shows up drunk on Will's doorstep. Includes Hannibal ’pologising and looking for the bath of rooms.
- SOBER REALITY: Sharing a bed doesn't automatically lead to nighty sexy times. Includes Hannibal being cute and Will being bold.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Fantasy

When Will sat in front of Hannibal in his office during a therapy session, he used to daydream about numerous things.

Feeling sane was one of them.

Dating Alana was another.

Figuring out how to turn the world's population into puppies sometimes drifted across his mind.

But more and more often, what he thought of was Hannibal.

Which wasn't that surprising, as the man was sitting right across his own chair, watching him with those hazel, at times reddish eyes of his. Most of the time he listened to Will, but at times his gorgeous greco-roman lips would utter a suggestion and Will would lose focus. A bit.

Hannibal wouldn't force him into therapy. More often than not, they would end up discussing one of Will's FBI cases. Sometimes they would awkwardly brush casual talk –at least Will would; Hannibal actually was the master of chitchat. Probably invented the notion.

They could spend some time in silence too, especially when Will was tired. Hannibal used to bring him a nice, hot, delicious cup of coffee then, which he took time to brew himself to give the younger man some space, and Will felt cared for.

Today was almost one of those days.

Graham was sitting comfortably in his chair, a warm beverage in hands, covered, almost nested in a blanket Hannibal had offered him –he had, *again*, a fever.

His therapist was patiently waiting for him to speak, sat in the opposite chair in silence.

So Will had spoken, starting up about his newest case, detailing the most recent murder on auto-pilot. He'd almost rehearsed his speech on the way there, as he was trying to figure out who their murderer was. It came out easily.

While his mouth talked about the case, his brain wandered elsewhere.

Oh, not far. He just scrutinised Hannibal's shoes and pants, trying to imagine his therapist polishing and ironing them himself. He probably didn't, though. Not always.

Is that why you think the killer is female?

Hannibal's voice. Smooth and perfect and low, soothing as always. Graham fought the urge to lay back, close his eyes and take in each and every modulation of that voice. How he'd like to run his fingers on the sharp contour of this mouth, following the line of the upper lip, then falling on the bottom one, slightly parting it, feeling on his fingertips the moist, hot breath coming from the insides of his mouth. Then gently stroke that chin.

Will. Are you alright? Do you want us to postpone this session?

No. No. Wouldn't want that for the world.

Your fever seems to have increased. I will make you a warm milk.

Ah come on, don't go now. Stay a little, we'll chat like two very old friends.

But Hannibal was gone. Graham stared at his empty seat and dreamt about just going there and rolling himself over in the warmth of Hannibal's smell, no matter how silly, and slightly dirty, that sounded like. He would feel like a cat purring in comfort. Blanketed in the scent of the one person that made him feel safe, sane, and relatively normal. Maybe he would truly turn into a cat. And never leave that chair again.

When Hannibal returned, Graham would watch him enter, walking in with the graceful stance of a dancer, and the confidence of stones. Hannibal would put a tray on the small table near Will's chair, then half-kneel in front of it to find himself at Will's eye level.

Do you want a touch of cinnamon in your milk too, Will?

He'd say yes. Or no. Maybe both. Did he even like cinnamon?

Will?

He liked Dr Lecter. That, he was sure of. Maybe he wanted a touch of Hannibal in his cinnamon.

The palm of a cool hand on his forehead.

I will fetch a thermometer. I'll just be a second.

What was it with Hannibal leaving. Even in his dreams. Or fantasies. Or whatever that was.

The milk was warm, slightly sugary, honey-y to be precise, a bit spicy. Nothing like what Graham had drunk until now. He sipped on it and felt fuzzy. He rolled up on himself like a ball and drifted of for just a moment.

A cool hand back on his forehead, gently pushing damp curls away.

You're feverish. I'd rather you would stay for the night, if that is fine with you. You cannot drive in this state.

You cannot drive in this state! Will was about to answer petulantly. But instead he lifted up his hand and ran it through Hannibal's hair. “You're pretty” he blabbered. “You are so, so, *so* pretty.”

Hannibal's hand pushing his own aside, patiently, like an adult does with a child.

Should I take you to the guest room? I'm afraid you will have to skip dinner.

I don't care about dinner. You be my dinner. Let's go to that room.

He felt a strong arm slide under his own to help him get up, like a wet burn.

It is not far away. Please bear with me; I'll then give you painkillers and you shall sleep peacefully.

Will rolled his eyes. “Can't we just cut to the chase already?” he mumbled, sticking his mouth wetly to Hannibal's, one of his hands sneaking to the buttons of the pricy jacket.

Hannibal froze.

“It's too hot for you to be wearing clothes” Graham mumbled. “I mean, I'm too hot. No, you are. Or something. Clothes. Off.”

His fingers slid against the perfect neck down to the clavicle, then found messy, bushy grey hair they got tangled in. A pair of hands got him off this promised, hairy land.

You are feverish, Will. We have to take you to a bed.

“*Oh yes*, *take me to a bed*” Graham grumbled, seizing Hannibal's head in his hands and snogging him like there was no tomorrow. Hannibal's eyes, when stunned, turned up looking surprisingly innocent.

“Forgot your comb?” Graham grinned, admiring how utterly dishevelled he had managed to make his therapist.

Hannibal seemed out of breath, and out of... thoughts. Graham planted a kiss right in the middle of the bushy chest woods, his head dizzy.

“I don't feel well” he muttered.

No. Yes. Obviously, you are ill. Would you please follow me?

Graham leaned heavily on the offered arm. “I want to kiss you again” he uttered. “And again, and again. And maybe all night long.”

You should rest.

Damn, the sun was bright.

Graham blinked, blinded, and looked around, discovering brand new surroundings.

By the tasteful arrangement of the place, he deduced that was one of Hannibal's rooms. Bedrooms. Guest rooms. Rooms you put sick people in, apparently.

Hannibal came with the furniture. He was by the bed, a tray of appetizing breakfast buffet right besides him.

“Are you feeling better?”

“Hum. Yeah. I think” Graham murmured. “Did... I spend the night at your place?”

“You were delirious with fever, in no state to drive in.”

“Oh, okay. Thanks, I guess.” He straightened up to sit, and noticed a reddish, almost purple round mark on the side of Hannibal's jaw.

“I'd never have thought I'd see a hickey on you, ever” he blurted out –then kicked himself mentally because, manners.

“I would never have thought you would be the kind to give people hickeys” Hannibal answered quietly. “Scrambled eggs?”

“What, *what?* How. Oh!”

Graham's face disappeared behind a very shamed set of hands.

“Oh my God Hannibal, I am so, so *very*... sorry, I have *no* idea how I... it came to this I... was very sick.”

“You were” Hannibal answered tranquilly, picking up a fork and some salad with it. “You called me 'pretty'.”

“Oh, dear; Lord.”

“It's fine” Hannibal assured with a coy smile. “I found out I enjoy being called 'pretty'.”

Will felt like his face was on fire, but couldn't help a nervous chuckle. “I... like... assaulted you, didn't I?” he asked, feeling both utterly ashamed and horribly excited at the memory of their closeness. He still could scent the other's smell on him.

“A little” Hannibal answered, not looking very bothered at all. “Though I found it more curious than threatening, if that is what preoccupies you. I would never have thought you were so... grabby.”

Graham burned anew at the recollection. “Again, I apologise, and if you need time or, distance to get over–”

“I've experienced worst than a little fondling from one of my half passed-out friend.”

“I... hickeyed you. If that's even a verb.”

“You weren't making much sense at the time either.”

“And I'm pretty sure I almost unclothed you a little.”

He remembered sliding a finger against Hannibal's hip and fishing for his underwear.

“You seemed very disappointed at my briefs” Hannibal stated with amusement.

“I can't apologise enough” Graham mumbled in shame.

“You can, by getting better. Eat your breakfast.”

Will took a bowl and a fork, but couldn't bring himself to grab a bite.

“I really don't know what to say” he stated. “I didn't mean to... do anything to you. I really hope you're not upset.”

“I am a therapist, William. And a former surgeon. I have lived much worse.”

“I don't care about your worst, I care about *this, now!*” Graham exclaimed. “I don't want to... upset you.”

“You didn't know what you were doing. I cannot hold you responsible for this.”

Will bit his lower lip. He wasn't ready to admit that he vaguely, partially... was.

“But it still... probably affected you” he stated.

Hannibal pondered.

“I feel closer to you now, if that makes sense” he declared. “As two friends that went out together, with one of them ending up drunk and nonsensical while the other helps him out.”

Graham felt his heart squirm at the metaphor.

“That's... pretty accurate” he said. “Only we weren't friends going to a bar.”

“No. Our kind of fun includes much more murder parties.”

Graham couldn't help a smile. “Alright” he said while taking a mouthful of (unsurprisingly delicious) scrambled eggs. “That means I owe you one. Feel free to show up drunk on my doorstep any time.”

Hannibal smiled at that, and casually resumed his breakfast.

It felt both reassuring and sort of heartbreaking.

Intoxication

Chapter Summary

> Previously: “Alright” Graham said while taking a mouthful of (unsurprisingly delicious) scrambled eggs. “That means I owe you one. Feel free to show up drunk on my doorstep any time.”
>
> Hannibal does just that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Coming, coming!” Graham shouted at his doorbell. “Down” he added to his barking dogs. “Wonder who it is as this time of the night.”

He wondered about putting out a jacket and if wearing only his T-shirt and short pyjamas was decent enough, then decided if someone was rude enough to disturb him at past eleven in the evening, then someone was to say nothing about his clothing.

“Hi” he said when opening the door. “May I help you?”

It was a man, half-carrying another man. Not very visible in the lack of light.

“Yeah, sure. Are you William Gram?” the first man asked. “This guy keeps babbling about you; I didn't know what to do with him and anyway, your house was on my way.”

Graham gave the other man a closer look. “... *Hannibal?*”

The older man lifted a hand and tried to put himself on his feet, but failed.

“Stinking drunk” the foreigner sniffed.

“*Non lo soi!*” Hannibal replied indignantly. Then he looked surprised. “*Forse si...*”

“Yeah, it's a friend of mine” Graham said, sliding a hand under his drunk therapist's arm. “Thanks for your concern, I'll take it from here.”

“No problem mate” the other guy answered. “Just keep him away from the bottle!”

“I'll... try” Graham answered, wondering how the hell Hannibal could weight so much. Like the man was all muscles or something.

His mind wondered about abs.

“Alright, Doctor Lecter, let's get you inside” he stated for himself after the other guy left.

Hannibal muttered a thing and tried to straightened vainly.

“Geez, what have you drunk exactly? A liquor store?”

“Meds” Hannibal managed to utter. “Had... vine... willomez.”

“What? Oh. No, hold that thought, I didn't get it. Here, sit in that chair.”

The dogs gathered around them curiously, sniffing Hannibal with interest.

I'm the daddy of this pack, which make Hannibal the sort-of other dad, he thought as he was helping the man out of his jacket. *Pack, this is other-dad. Be nice to him or I'll bite*.

“Everything's spinning” Hannibal murmured while putting a hand on his forehead. A dog licked his other hand. “William, your dogs want to eat me.”

“I'm not letting them” Graham answered as he removed Hannibal's shoes. “Listen, I think you should stay the night. I could drive you home, but I have a heavy work schedule tomorrow, and it'd be a lot more convenient if you stayed.”

“I stay. Will. Will stay” Hannibal stuttered, visibly fighting to get the sentence right. “I pologise about that.”

“You polo... right. Thanks, no worries. Okay, I only have one bed so–”

“You want us to sleep together” Hannibal said, and Graham blinked.

He *had* kinda thought about it. A lot. Not right know, though.

“You'll take my bed, I'll sleep on the couch. And don't worry about the dogs, they won't bother you.”

“Your dogs seems lovely to me arrangement” Hannibal agreed –then he frowned, probably trying to make sense out of his own sentence.

“...'kay. Let's get you to the bed.”

The deed wasn't easy, but they eventually managed. Graham was insanely glad his house was not huge.

When Hannibal landed on the bed on his back, he was pretty dishevelled, and Graham had to concentrate on a crack on the wall very hard to forget about how much laying on his bed Hannibal was.

“I don't have any P-Js” he said. “I can lend you a shirt and some shorts to sleep in if you want.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Will realised how badly he wanted to dress up Hannibal in his own clothes. What a great moment to discover a new kink.

“That would be nice” Hannibal managed to reply, while trying to coordinates his hands together in order to unbutton his shirt. “Could you point the guide me towards the bath of rooms, please?”

After a moment of silence, Hannibal rose his eyes. “Will?”

“What?” Graham said, losing focus on Hannibal's unbuttoning hands. “Oh, yeah, sorry. Land of rooms –bathroom. Here, if you can follow me.”

The other man tried, managed three steps and nearly crushed Will in his fall.

“Apologies” Hannibal mumbled.

“I'm fine!” Graham assured, his lungs fighting for air and his heart merrily exploding. The advantage of Hannibal being all over him was that, well. He was. And that felt goood.

A bit too good maybe.

Graham closed his eyes for half a second and caught himself inhaling the subtle scent of his therapist. Which wasn't that dense in alcohol.

He pushed Hannibal away and helped him to his feet.

“You smelled me” Hannibal stated casually.

“Sometimes people breathe Hanni... Doctor.”

“Hannibal” the other reminded. “And it's fine; I scented you too.”

“Fine –what?”

Hannibal's arms slid around Will's back and the younger man could definitely feel some nuzzling his neck. Which was both ticklish and delicious, especially the way Hannibal was humming softly in pleasure.

“Bathroom. We said bathroom” Graham reminded himself while taking the upper hand over Hannibal to guide him. “Why are you sniffing me anyway?” he added for himself.

“Ooh, cabinets!” Hannibal said merrily when they reached the bathroom.

“O...kay. I really hope you don't need help there.”

Actually, part of him was almost hoping for a positive answer, which didn't come.

“No, it's fire, I only wish to change.”

“R...ight. I'll give you some space then” Graham stated, leaving the small room and closing the door behind him.

As soon as he was out he leaned on the wall, warmth clinging to his body. He heard fabric crumple, slide on skin, and bumps whenever drunk Hannibal lost his equilibrium. After a moment, the door re-opened gently and the man sleepily got out, rubbing his eyes and *stark naked*.

“My bed has moved” he mumbled tiredly. “And someone redecorated. With poor *gusto*. Cheap gusto. I'll eat them stuffed with *sauce chasseur*.”

“My decoration isn't that bad” Will mumbled while trying to wrap a large towel around his therapist's waist.

“What are you doing here?” Hannibal asked in surprise. Then, noticing the gesture: “Oh.”

“I forgot to bring you a change of clothes. Just... hide under the sheets, I'll find you something.”

“As you wish” Hannibal said, slipping sleepily under the covers. He laid on his back with a arm across his forehead and the other one up his messy hair. He didn't even bother covering his chest and instantly closed his eyes.

Which implied he would probably sleep naked in Graham's bed.

Will's hair started rising on his neck at the thought.

He hesitated about adding on to the conversation, but Hannibal seemed already asleep. So he put a change of clothes he hoped would fit Hannibal if needed near the bed.

Then he left the room. Well, tried to.

Because he spent about ten minutes standing by the bed, hypnotised by the sight of his sleeping therapist.

He managed to pull the covers over his chest, which tuned down a bit the... amount of therapist he could see that glued him to the room.

Then he made his escape.

He had much trouble falling asleep, even though the presence of his dogs soothed him. He badly needed to go to the bathroom but couldn't, because that would meant re-entering his room and performing too near to Hannibal for his own taste. He concentrated to get his urge away, but pictures of his naked crush kept crashing in, destroying his fragile efforts.

Eventually, he switched on the TV.

Around two or three o'clock he heard a rustle coming from his room, and soon enough Hannibal appeared on the doorstep, wearing too tight a shirt and briefs, looking more assured on his step but not quite out of drunkenness yet.

“My apologies William, I couldn't find my own clothes” he said while advancing hesitantly towards a chair where he sat. Graham's clothes where too small for his larger figure, and clang to him as a second skin. “Can I inquire as to my being here? My memories seem quite disrupted.”

Graham switched off the TV and straightened up on the couch.

“You showed up at my doorstep majorly drunk, with someone carrying you” he explained. “He wanted to take you home but you talked about coming here instead, I think.”

Hannibal ruffled his already messy hair. “All I truly remember is feeling quite odd during my dinner party, then understanding I had intertwined a very strong medication of mine with vitamins earlier on –which doesn't go well with wine. I am sorry it led to my imposing on you.”

“I'm fine with it” Graham mused. “You can show up drunk on my doorstep all you want. But next time take your P-Js, I have nothing to dress you in for the night.”

Hannibal seemed puzzled at this statement.

“I meant pyjamas” Graham clarified. “To sleep in.”

Hannibal nodded as in sudden understanding, but Will got instantly that he didn't usually wear these –pyjamas– to sleep.

That explained the very naked scene from earlier on, but did nothing to ease Graham's stiffness.

“Do you wish to go back to your bed?” Hannibal asked, forgetting about having laid down nude in it. “I can take the couch.”

“No” Will answered to both those questions. “I mean, I'd rather you have the bed.”

“If I recall, your day of work will be quite demanding tomorrow. You need the rest.”

I can't really sleep where you've laid down naked, Graham mused internally.

“I apologise for that” Hannibal answered –and Will noticed his internal mumbling hadn't been that contained. “I can help change the sheets if you want me to.”

He surely didn't want him to. He wanted to roll in these sheets naked and never wash them again. Maybe.

“That's not...” Graham said. “That's not what I meant” he sighed tiredly.

“What did you mean, then?” Hannibal enquired curiously, his head slightly cocked.

Yeah, the guy wasn't drunk anymore.

“You have the bed” Graham stammered, feeling a blush creep on his neck. “I don't mind the couch.”

“I might not mind sharing” Hannibal offered slyly, observing his patient with attention.

Graham flushed, then tried to defuse the tension with a joke. “I don't know. Two grown ups in a bed, that doesn't sound not sexual at all.”

Hannibal smiled. “I suggest sleeping” he answered. “You need the rest. I could get a taxi back home, as you are so insistent on my sleeping nowhere else but a bed.”

Graham's heart tightened at that. “It's real early” he weakly protested. “I'm not even sure you're feeling better. I don't really want you wandering the streets on your own in that state.”

“I assure you I am better” Hannibal smiled, getting up on almost steady legs. “I would just have to get dressed.”

“I'd rather we share that bed” Graham blurted out nervously. He wasn't sure how to win the argument, both keeping Hannibal to himself for the night and managing to stay on the couch while the other man was so insistent on having it.

“Sharing it is, then” Hannibal smiled coyly.

Will suddenly felt like a spider trapped in its own web.

Chapter End Notes

Final chapter on Wednesday! And, more importantly, HAPPY SEASON TWO TONIGHT!!

Sober reality

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will spend the night in the same bed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Surely enough, Hannibal fall asleep almost immediately. Will found it quite vexing.

He'd internally panicked quite a large amount in the few minutes that had passed during their decisions to both take the bed and their actually going to it, and Hannibal totally made sure it had all been for nothing.

Now Will felt ridiculous.

The older man was sleeping soundlessly on his side, his back turned to him. He was wider than Will had expected, real fit, with what looked like steel hard muscles.

He wondered what kind of physical activities his therapist enjoyed.

Some time passed. Will only noticed because, at some point, Hannibal switched sides and wiggled until he was facing him. Also, the numbers on his clock told him.

Hannibal's face seemed so placid. Tranquil. Graham had the illusion he was contemplating a quiet lake, alone in a grand, desert valley.

He blinked once, and when he opened his eyes again, daylight was pouring in through the windows. His arms were carefully embracing Hannibal's head, one of them wrapped around the older man's shoulders. Hannibal's forehead pressed gently against his clavicle; his right arm was curled on itself, but the other had slid sleepily around Graham's waist.

Will felt like he was cradling the most precious thing in the world; he didn't dare move.

Blissful hours slipped quietly; he counted Hannibal's heartbeats, stroke his hair lightly with the tip of gentle fingers.

Until his alarm clock started yelling that it was time to wake up at the top of its damned technological lungs.

Hannibal startled and half-straightened up on one arm, looking around in dishevelled surprise and unfocused eyes.

“It's fine, it's just the alarm” Will sighed, stretching a hand over the other man to reach and silence the offending device. “I'm going to work” he told Hannibal gently. “You can stay here and sleep as much as you want too; your clothes are in the bathroom. Don't hesitate to shower or look around to find something to eat either, okay?”

Hannibal had turned to lay on his back, his ashen hair making a sort of solar aura around him. He seemed thoughtful, maroon eyes risen in quiet pondering to scrutinise Will's face.

Graham then noticed he was still hovering over the man, a hand pushing on the mattress near his shoulder.

He didn't move.

“This feels somehow domestic” Hannibal remarked quietly, his eyes still a bit hooded in sleepiness. He lifted a hand and brushed against Graham's brown curls. “I had never felt something like that. It's... soothing.” He rolled on his stomach and wrapped a wrist around the hand Will was using to support himself. His fingers stroked lightly at his arm. “I think I want to stay this way a little longer.”

As Hannibal's nose brushed the inside of his exposed wrist, Will went down on his elbow and tentatively pressed a hand on the other man's shoulder. “Don't you have therapy sessions today?”

Hannibal smiled lazily. “I unfortunately do. Don't you sometimes want to call in sick for no other reason than laying around in bed?”

“I wouldn't have pictured you as a man who did” Graham answered with a gentle grin.

Hannibal eyes found his, and it suddenly struck Will, how easy it was to look back straight at them. How peaceful this moment was. Time seemed to have stopped.

He leaned in, slowly, cautiously, monitoring Hannibal's pondering expression; when the man closed his eyes, when he slightly raised his chin and half-parted lips...

They didn't go to work that day.

Chapter End Notes

> This is how my Beta reacted to the ending: "OH MAN COME ON WHERE'S THE PORN – ahem I mean, yay! :D". Therefore, feel free to write and link some smut if you like -I didn’t see the point, as it did nothing for the plot, but it’s always nice to read something hot when it’s cold (spoiler: even when it’s not cold).

We will now resume our weekly dose of angst in Framed, then we'll explore another AU with Not-A-Murderer!Hannibal where there is fluff, smut, a little angst and most of all Mischa Lecter.

End Notes

Next chapter on Friday!
Although, we'll all probably be waiting for the first episode of season 2 ^^

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!